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eyes; it throws down grass from the roof. But no one need ever be afraid of the ghost of a chelik or motiari.'

During the bazaar ceremonies in the east of the State (when these are performed for a dead chelik or motiari) the villagers say, 'Mahapurub sent you into this world only for a little while; he did not intend you to live with us for long; so don't be angry and don't trouble us'. The parents are led round the shops and then go home leaving the Uriya-bhut in the bazaar. The dead boy or girl is not mingled with the Departed as are the married, and no menhir is erected for them.

Sometimes the ghost of a chelik may be dangerous. In the compound of the Khutgaon ghotul there was formerly a great stone. One of the boys died and the ghost came to sit on it bringing an epidemic with him. Many boys and girls died and the ghotul had to be destroyed and rebuilt in another place. But the stone remained where it was and when the villagers tried to move it sickness broke out again and so they left it alone.

Many Muria say that when an unmarried girl dies her ghost is dangerous because if a witch can get hold of it, she gives it the form of a pretty girl and sends her to rob men of their seed. Such a girl may appear as a man's mother or sister and torment him.

A dead motiari may also continue to visit her old friends of the ghotul. This only happens, however, when the boys sleep outside, for it is believed that Lingo protects the actual building from the invasion of any witch or spirit. The Sirdarsingh of the Chargaon ghotul told me how he once had an encounter with such a ghost. 'She visited me and I went to her; for many days she was with me; I could not get rid of her. I often went to her and my clothes were spoilt with my discharges. At last I gave her a comb and necklace and she went away, but for fear she may return I sacrifice a pig every year.' So too motiari complain of visits from some old lover's ghost: 'he comes to us, pressing us'.

III. The Soul and its Fate

The belief in immortality, or at least in some kind of survival after death, is bound up with the idea of the soul. The Muria theologians say explicitly that a man has two or even three souls (*jiwa*). In Bakulwahi the villagers said that after death one of these souls[1] went to Mahapurub, one became a Hanal and lived in the Pot of the Departed, and the third became a Chhaiya or Shade, a ghost that visited his relatives in dreams and often made himself a nuisance. The word Hanal, as Grigson has pointed out, is literally translated 'The Departed', for it is a past participial form of the Gondi verb *handāna*, to go.[2] Whenever I speak of the Departed, therefore, it may be taken as translating Hanal in original. In Randhna the people said that,

> Every man has two souls: one lives in his mouth and one in his body—you can feel it going *dub-dub* in the chest. The first soul goes from the mouth direct to Mahapurub; the other remains in the corpse and goes with the mourners to the grave. It watches the body being burnt or buried from a tree nearby, then goes to the nearest stream and lives there until the people come and catch it in the form of a fish and take it home. Then it lives in the house as a god (*deo*).

So also in Amgaon, the Jhoria Muria of the Abujhmar foothills said that,

> A man has two souls: one always remains with him; the other, a smaller one, leaves him in sleep and its adventures are what we call

[1] Throughout, when I use the word 'soul' it represents *jiwa* in the original.
[2] Grigson, op. cit., p. 223.

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774 [775] dreams. When a man dies the soul remains near the house and when a child is born we say 'A visitor has come' meaning that the soul has returned to its own place.

The ability of the soul to leave the body and its power of independent movement is illustrated by a significant story, told by a middle-aged Muria, Dalsai of Kerawahi.

> When I was about fourteen years old I died of small-pox and my soul was taken to Mahapurub. I watched my parents sitting round my body weeping in their grief. Mahapurub was sitting on a cot: my soul said to him, 'I'm hungry, give me something to eat'. Mahapurub replied, 'What do you want to eat?' My soul said, 'Ripe mangoes, ripe figs and plenty of salphi juice to drink'. Mahapurub said, 'There's nothing to eat here: go back to Manjhpur [the Middle World or earth] and have it there'. So my soul returned to its body and the corpse sat up. I said to my family, 'What are you weeping for?'
>
> I then asked for ripe mangoes, ripe figs and salphi juice, and my parents gave me everything I wanted. But the Mata [goddess of small-pox feared by Hindus and aboriginals alike] said, 'You have escaped from Mahapurub, but you can't escape from me. Give me one of your eyes'. Since then I have been blind in one eye.

Kotla Muria of Kuntpadar describes how in his youth he 'died' during a cholera epidemic.

> Everyone fled from the village leaving me senseless in the house. I died and my soul went to Adibhum, the Lower World. There I saw a world just like ours, but the men were of small stature, and the cows and bullocks were the size of pigs. When I went among them, the inhabitants said, 'Who is this man? Why has he come here? We have no room for him'. They gave me some food and asked me to leave immediately. My soul returned to earth and entered my body. The food I had taken in Adibhum was enough for me to move my legs a little, and presently I recovered.

The effect of such stories on the simple aboriginal mind is to impress upon it the belief that the soul can exist apart from its bodily integument. Even when that has been shed for ever, dreams prove that the soul continues to exist, though it is only possible to see the Dead for a few years, up to the time when they are finally mingled with the Hanal. It is generally supposed that there is no need to tend or placate a man's soul more than twenty years after his death.

715 After death, the soul goes to Mahapurub and, when a sufficient time has passed, returns to the 'warmth and comfort' of its own family. Though the Muria believe in rebirth, they have no idea of Karma and their picture of life after death is quite unmoralized. There are no words in Gondi for sin or virtue: a man may be ruined, here and hereafter, for breach of a taboo, but the notion of retribution for sinners is an alien importation.

772 Have the Muria any idea of Hell or Heaven? Their myths and folk-tales
715 are full of references to the three worlds—Porrobhum or Uparpur, the abode of Mahapurub or Ispural; Nadumbhum or Manjhpur, the Middle World, the earth on which we live; and Adibhum or Tarpur, the Under World. This typically Hindu conception has the advantage of giving the story-teller three stages or levels to work on and greatly extends the possible range of a hero's adventures. There is frequent communication between these worlds by

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

DREAMS

OFFICIALLY it is not possible to dream inside the ghotul, for Lingo and the other ghotul gods protect those who sleep there, and indeed I believe that in many places the boys and girls dream very little, enjoying sound and satisfying sleep in the security, warmth and delight of their peculiar realm.

But not all ghotul are equally happy. In Binjhli for example, where there was a strange atmosphere of jealousy and frustration, I heard a great deal about dreams. And in all villages there are official and standardized dreams which are believed to be the normal means of receiving communications from gods or ancestors.

It is not possible, I think, to provide material on this subject which will be of much value to the psycho-analyst. It is very difficult to obtain the Muria's associations to their dreams; their memory is poor and they are so timid that too prolonged an inquiry is likely to make it impossible to obtain any information at all. But it is possible to discover various ideas and attitudes of the Muria through an examination of their dreams, especially since the most important are of the official type.

What is the Muria theory of dreams? Where do they come from and why do we see them? Some say that all sleep is a dream; sleep is the food by which man's life is recreated and 'the dream is the chutney of sleep'. As with other Indian aboriginals the Muria theory of dreams is closely related to the idea of the soul or *jiwa*. The *jiwa* leaves the body in sleep, goes here and there and what it sees during its adventures is the dream.[1] The power of the *jiwa* to leave the body is described in a significant tale from Ulera:

> One day long ago two men went to a blacksmith's shop to rest. One fell asleep, the other sat by his side watching. Presently from the sleeper's mouth there came out his *jiwa* in the form of a lizard and went to feed. A dog saw it and chased it into an ant-hill. There it saw a pot full of rupees.
>
> The other man covered the sleeper's face with coal-dust for a joke. When the *jiwa* returned it did not recognize its body with the blackened face, and went away seeking for it elsewhere. By and by the second man noticed a lizard going to and fro, and soon realized what had happened. He quickly cleaned the sleeper's face, and the lizard, recognizing the body, entered it, and became a *jiwa* again.
>
> When the sleeper awoke he told his friend what he had seen in his dreams, and they went to the ant-hill and found the rupees. This is a true tale of what actually occurred.[2]

[1] Compare *The Baiga*, p. 308.

[2] The literature of the 'separable soul' is considerable. It appears in folk-tales as the useful motif of 'entering another's body' which, as Penzer rightly insists, must not be confused with the quite distinct 'life-index' motif. Crooke observes that 'in Bombay it is considered most reprehensible to play jokes on a sleeping person, such as painting the face in fantastic colours, or giving moustaches to a sleeping woman. The absent soul may not be able to find its own body, the appearance of which has been thus changed, and may depart altogether, leaving the body a corpse'.—*Religion and Folk-Lore*, Vol. I, p. 232. For the subject generally see *The Ocean of Story*, Vol. I, p. 37, n. 2; A. E. Crawley, 'Doubles', Hastings' *E.R.E.*, Vol. IV, pp. 853f.; M. Bloomfield, 'On the Art of Entering Another's Body', *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. LVI, pp. 1ff.;

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Another tale, from Atargaon, points the same moral.

> Dream and Wealth were disputing which was the greater. When they could not agree they decided that each should hide in turn and whoever could find the other, yet not be found himself, would win the contest. Wealth hid himself first. He took the shape of a pot of rupees and hid in an ant-hill. Dream went to a very poor boy who was lying asleep and called his soul to come out. When the *jiwa* came Dream sent it to the ant-hill. It returned, and when the boy awoke he went to the ant-hill and dug up Wealth in the shape of the pot. Then Dream hid in the wind, and was blown here and there about the world. Wealth could not find him and when they met again he admitted that Dream was the greater.

In this other world into which the *jiwa* can enter during sleep, the gods and the Departed are familiar figures and the *jiwa* can talk with them and learn their will. Often, however, the Muria speak as though the gods and the dead had come to them in sleep, that the approach was, as it were, from the other side. Obviously the ordinary Muria, any more than the ordinary Englishman, has no consistent theory. One thing which has puzzled him, and which he explains by a fantastic tale, is the 'falsity' or symbolism of dreams. In Berma I was given a story which accounts for this.

> Long ago men could read the future in their dreams. An owl heard of it and said, 'If men can see the future in dreams, they will never die'. The owl waited till the gods were holding a darbar and then fell with a bang into the midst of them. The gods said, 'What is the matter?' The owl replied, 'I have had a dream, and in that dream I was marrying a Raja's daughter. We had done eleven rounds of the Lagir; had it been twelve she had been mine; but I awoke and fell to the ground. Now I must marry this girl. What am I to do?' The gods were concerned and said to one another, 'How can a red-eyed bird marry a Raja's daughter?' The owl replied, 'But all the world gets what it sees in dreams; how can it be that only my dreams are false?' At that the gods cursed men saying, 'From now on, let all dreams be false'.

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Dreams, therefore, are symbolic. They are code messages from the other world and only the wise can decipher them. There is a fairly extensive system of dream-interpretation, on the whole consistently maintained throughout the Muria area, though with a few variations from place to place. I will tabulate these interpretations for the reader's convenience.

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Good Dreams

One's dead parents ..	.. Lucky, for it shows they have retained their affection for one.
Drowning in a river ..	.. Very good. The Yer Kanyang so loves the dreamer that she wants to marry him.

Sir J. G. Fraser, *Taboo and Perils of the Soul*, pp. 37 and 49; *Punjab Notes and Queries*, Vol. III, p. 166 (which gives a tale with a similar motif to that in the text); W. A. Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions* (Edinburgh, 1887), Vol. I, p. 437.

For a Santal story of a soul which slipped out of a man's sleeping body in the form of a lizard and was prevented from returning, see B. Bonnerjea, 'The Social and Ceremonial Life of the Santals', *The Indian Antiquary*, Vol. LIX (1930), p. 100.